

# MODERN COMICS

JULY  
No.87

10¢

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP  
I.C.D.  
7

**BLACKHAWK**

enters the den of

**VORN,**  
the Aggressor!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



MODERN COMICS

# Blackhawk

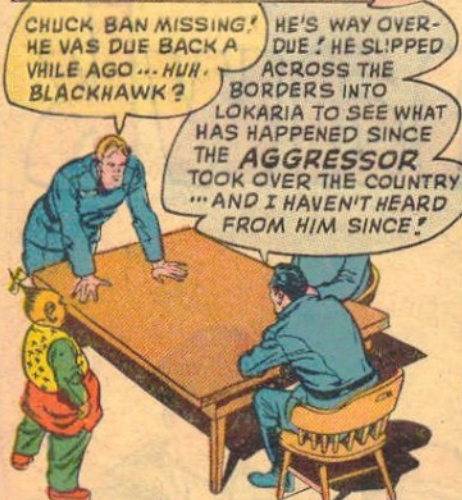


**T**he Blackhawks hem in an ambassador of evil!  
At the villainous Vorn's proudest moment,  
with victory in sight for his program of  
conquest and tyranny...

*The greatest fighting force in  
history rises to block his path!*



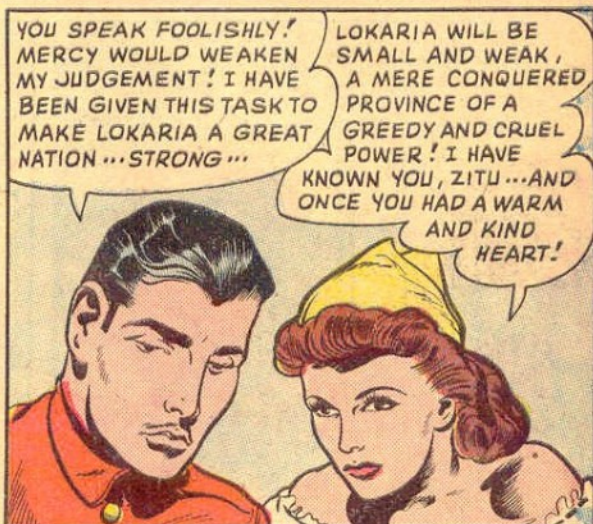
At Blackhawk Island...



And in Lokaria...









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IF YOU HAVE BECOME LIKE YOUR MASTERS... SELFISH, CRUEL AND POWER-MAD,... YOU HAVE CHANGED EVEN MORE THAN I THOUGHT!

MALINA...NOW THAT YOU ARE BACK WITH ME, I FEEL THAT ANYTHING YOU SAY MUST BE SO! I AM AT YOUR COMMAND, MY DARLING!



THEN I ASK THAT YOU RELEASE THIS BLACKHAWK! SET HIM FREE TO HELP ALL THE OPPRESSED PEOPLES OF THE WORLD!

SINCE YOU ASK IT, I'LL RECID MY ORDER TO DESTROY HIM...AND DECIDE ON SOME OTHER WAY TO HANDLE HIM! COME WITH ME!



YOU'LL SEE THAT I AM STILL KIND AND GOOD... BECAUSE YOU ASK ME TO BE SO, MY SWEET MALINA!

WELL, WELL, WELL!



OF COURSE WHAT I SAY IS TRUE, YOU IMBECILE! BETTER MOVE FAST BEFORE OUR WHOLE ENTERPRISE HERE IN LOKARIA IS DESTROYED BY ZITU'S WEAKNESS!



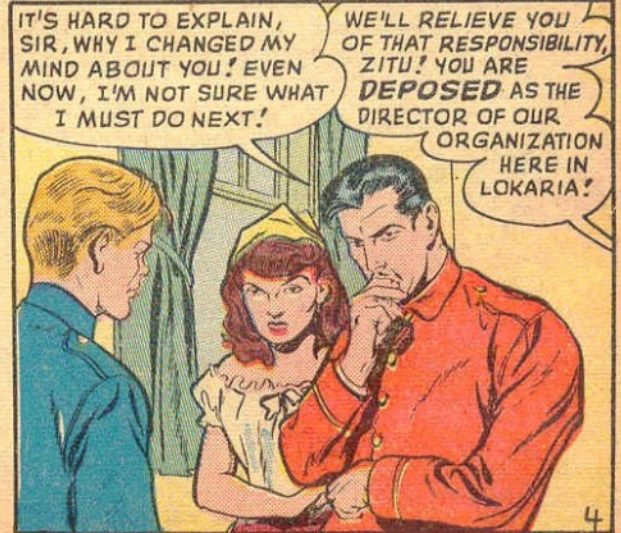
BUT DIRECTOR ZITU... YOU GAVE US AN ORDER CONCERNING THIS PRISONER...

WELL, I'M GIVING YOU ANOTHER! RELEASE HIM! HE'S COMING BACK TO MY OFFICE!



IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN, SIR, WHY I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT YOU! EVEN NOW, I'M NOT SURE WHAT I MUST DO NEXT!

WE'LL RELIEVE YOU OF THAT RESPONSIBILITY, ZITU! YOU ARE **DEPOSED** AS THE DIRECTOR OF OUR ORGANIZATION HERE IN LOKARIA!

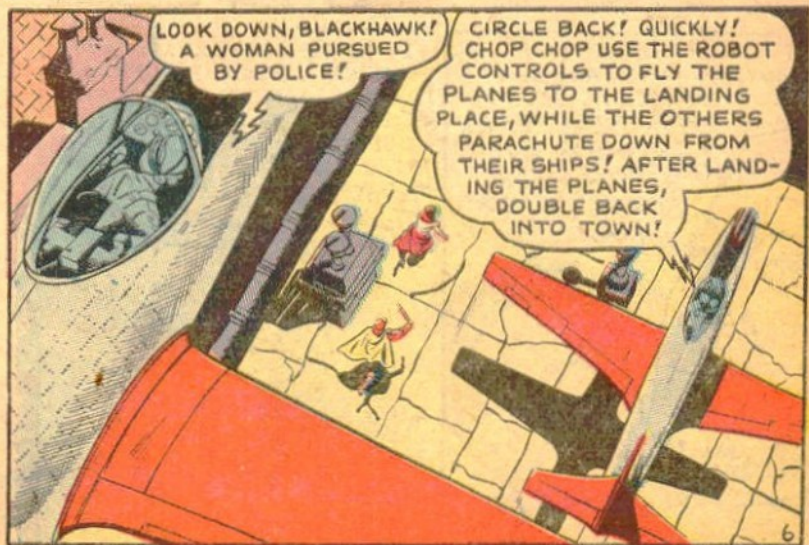








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IT MAY BE TOO LATE FOR ZITU, EVEN NOW!



ZUT ALORS! ZE SHADOW SHOWS SOMEONE WAITING... AND I DO NOT THINK HE EES A FRIEND!



BUT...



SO YOU ESCAPED THE OTHERS... YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE ME!



WE BAN GOT DAS YUMPING-YACK!

BRAVO, OLAF! ANDRE LIKEWISE! NOW...



THIS MAN IS ABOUT MY HEIGHT AND BUILD! WEARING HIS COAT AND WITH HIS CAP PULLED LOW...

I UNDERSTAND! YOU'LL GET INTO VORN'S PRESENCE! BUT THEY MAY LOOK AT YOU TOO CLOSELY!



NO, THEY'LL LOOK AT YOU CLOSELY, NOT ME! YOU'RE GOING WITH ME, AS A PRISONER!

ZUT, ALORS, I UNDERSTAND! AND WE WEEEL HEAD FOR ZE EDGE OF TOWN AND MEET ZE OZZERS!









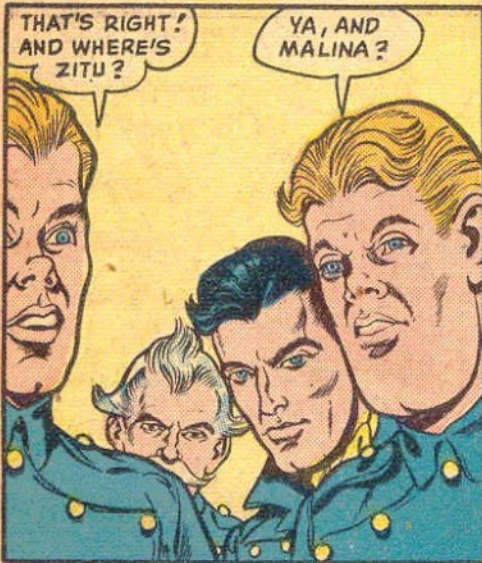














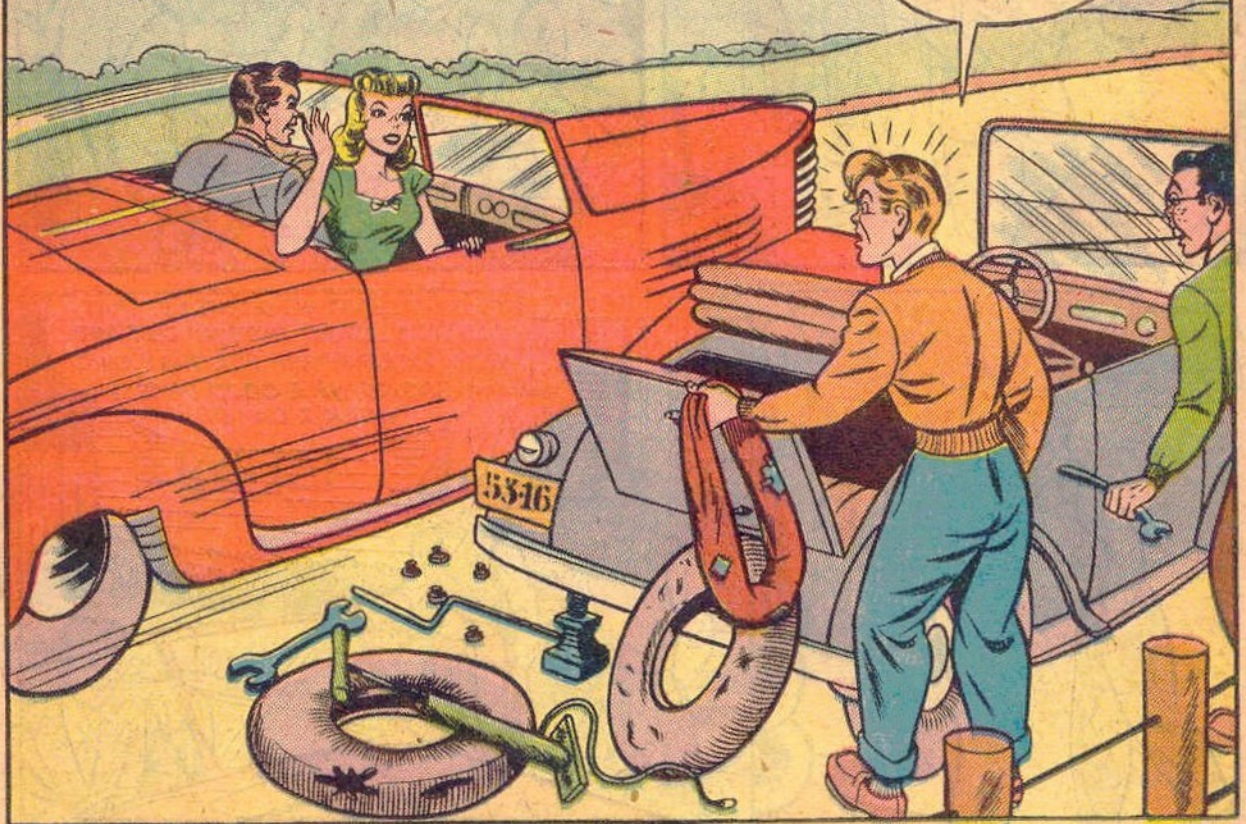
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# EZRA

I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY MYRNA GOES OUT WITH DEAN DILSBURY, JR., WHEN SHE COULD BE DATING ME!

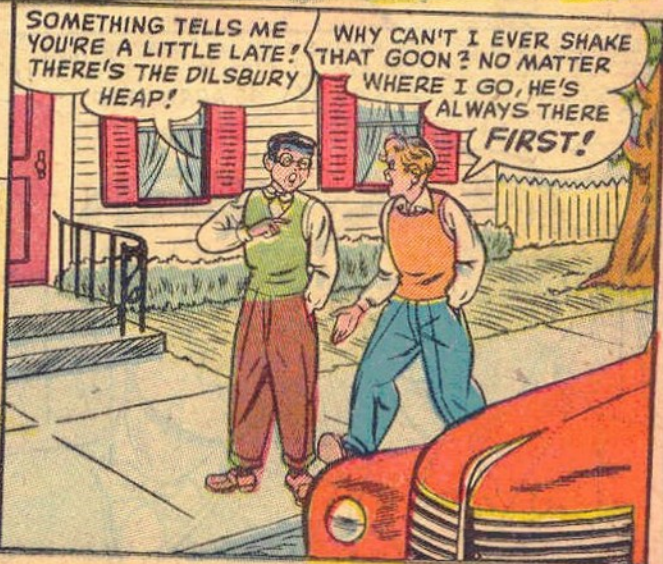


GREETINGS, EZRA OLD PAL! WHAT GIVES?

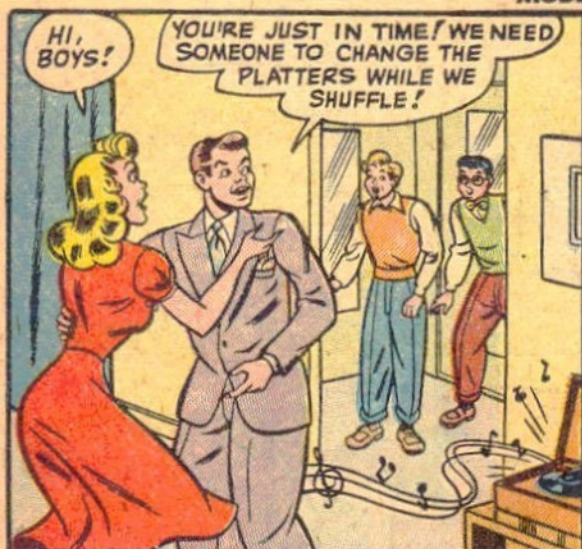
I'M JUST ANKLING OVER TO MYRNA'S HOUSE! C'MON ALONG!

SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE! THERE'S THE DILSBURY HEAP!

WHY CAN'T I EVER SHAKE THAT GOON? NO MATTER WHERE I GO, HE'S ALWAYS THERE FIRST!







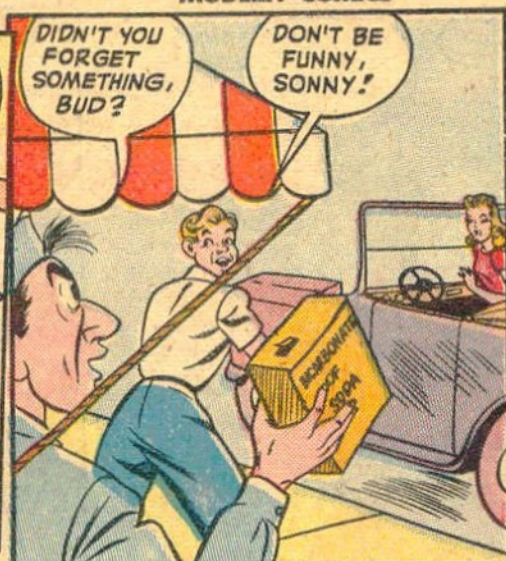
Much later ...





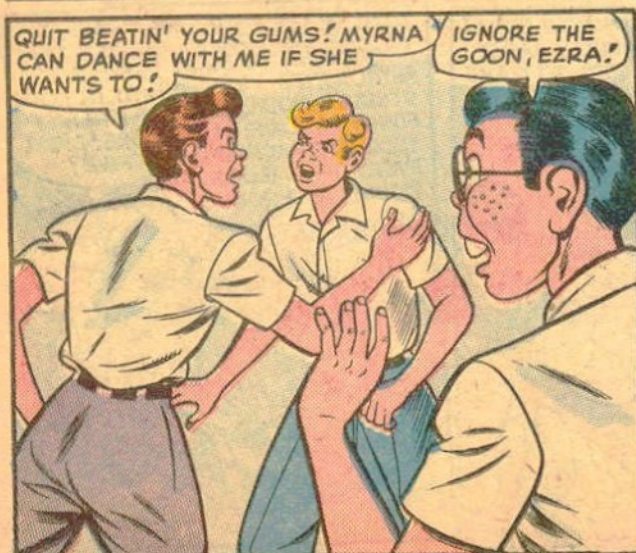
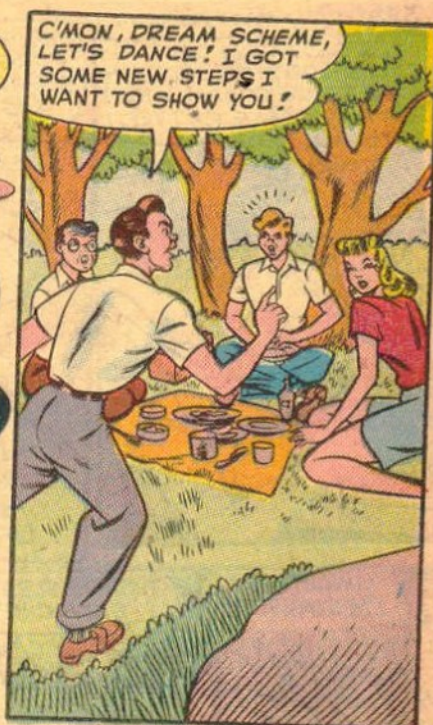
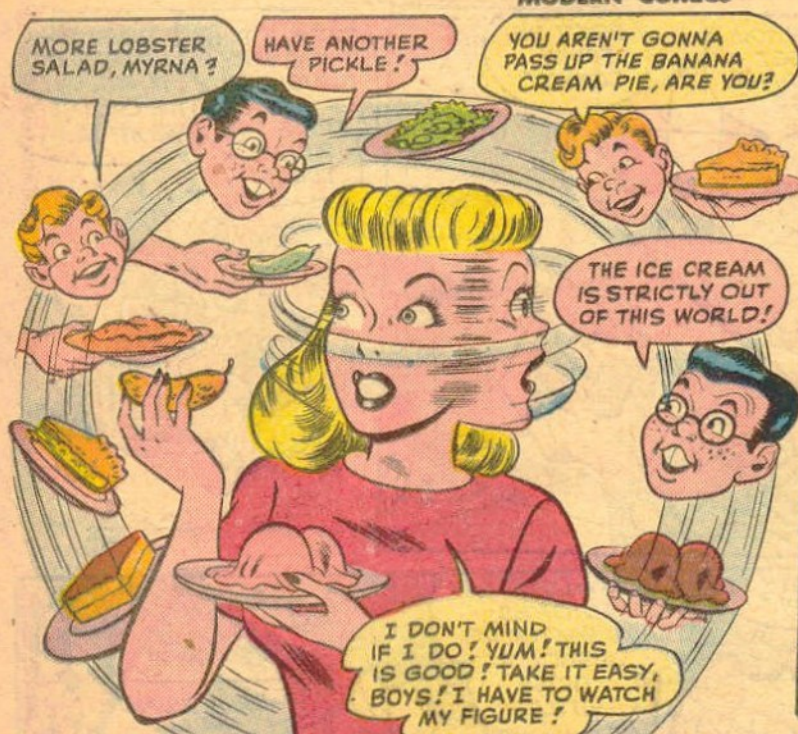
Saturday morning...

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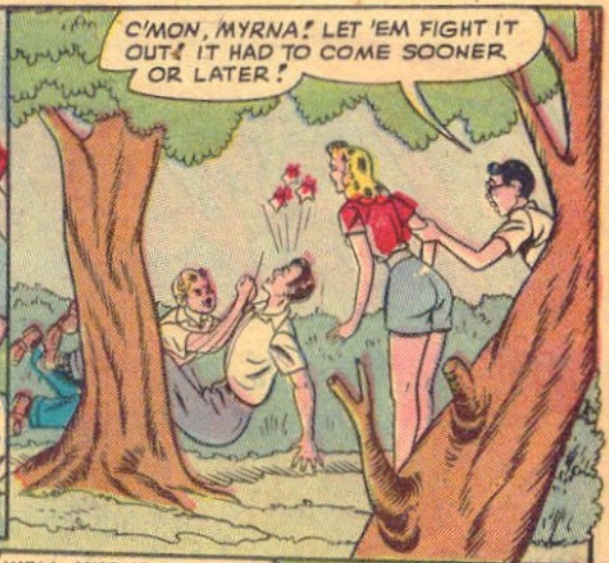
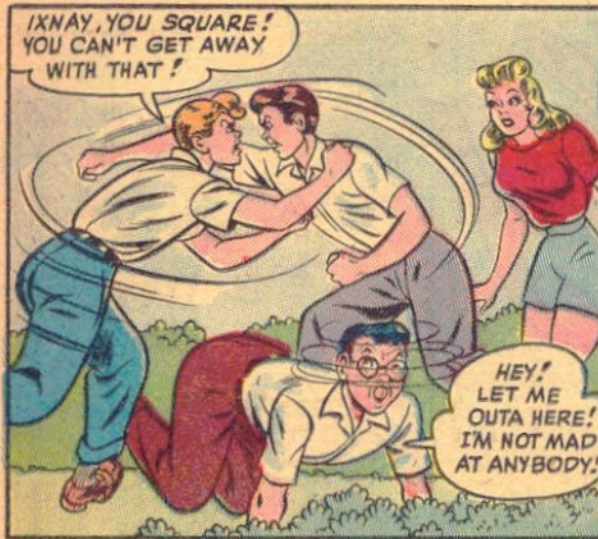


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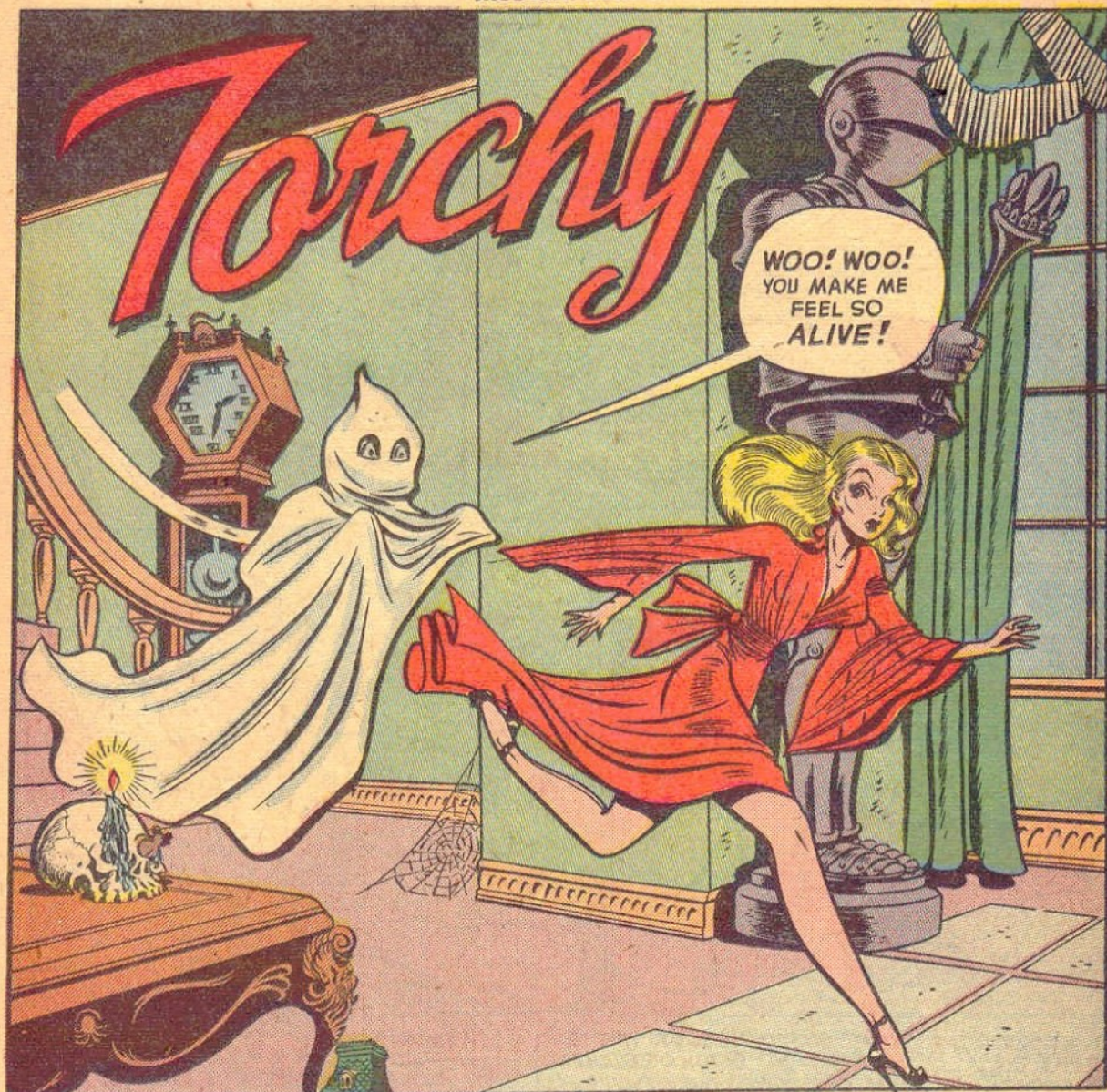




MODERN COMICS









Late that night...

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?  
IT SOUNDS LIKE  
CHAINS CLANKING!

CLANK!  
CLANK!



EEK!  
A GHOST!



HALP! RUN FOR YOUR  
LIVES, GIRLS! A GHOST'S  
LOOSE IN THE PLACE!



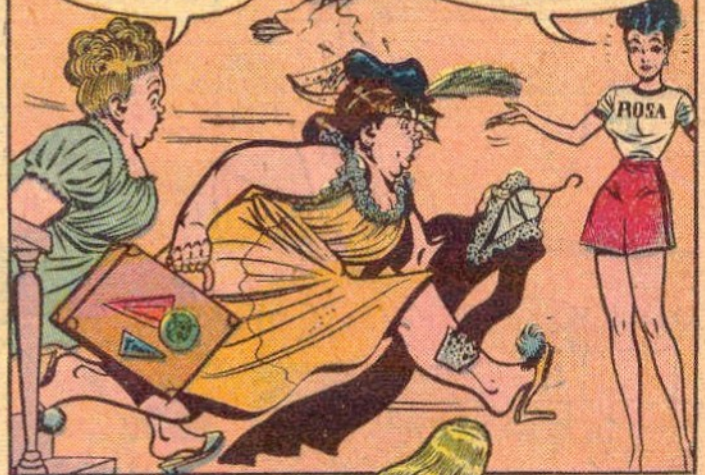
EEEEHHH!

THEY DIDN'T  
MENTION A  
GHOST IN THE  
AD!



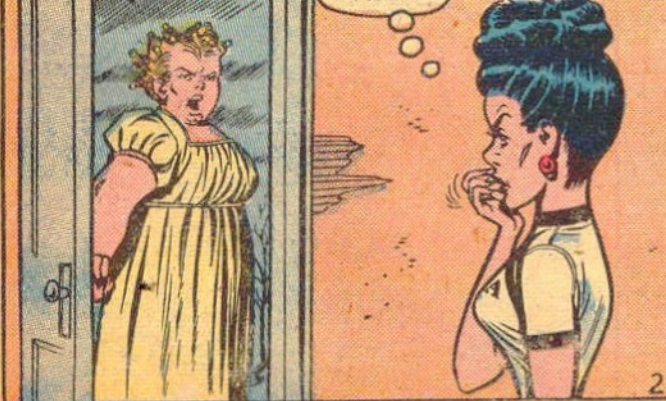
LET'S GET OUT  
OF HERE!

WHY, GIRLS... WHAT'S  
THE MATTER?



YOU SHOULD  
ASK! THE  
PLACE IS  
HAUNTED!

THAT DRATTED GHOST! THIS IS  
THE SECOND BATCH OF SUCKERS  
HE'S DRIVEN OUT OF HERE!  
IF I COULD ONLY FIND HIM,  
I'D SHOW HIM A THING OR  
TWO!



Meanwhile...

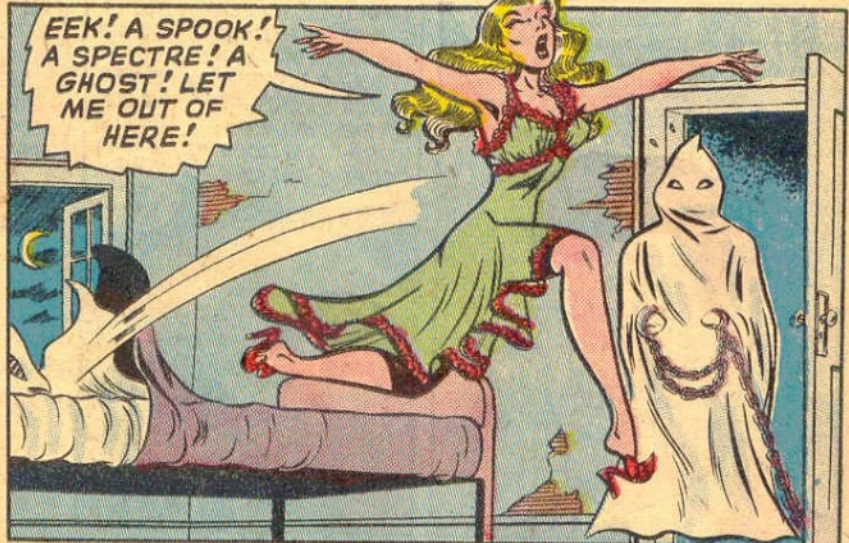
DELICIOUS  
CHOCOLATES!













MODERN COMICS

BUT BEFORE I COULD MAKE ANY ARRANGEMENTS THAT ROSA WOMAN GOT AN OPTION ON THE HOUSE AND BROUGHT THOSE HORRIBLE WOMEN HERE!



I DECIDED TO PLAY GHOST AND SCARE THEM ALL AWAY SO I COULD BUY THE PLACE! I GOT RID OF EVERYONE BUT ROSA! SHE DOESN'T SCARE EASILY!

BUT IF YOU DIS-LIKE WOMEN, WHY DID YOU UN-MASK YOUR-SELF NOW?

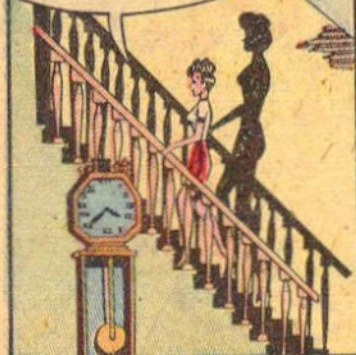


BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A MERE WOMAN... YOU'RE SOME DIVINE CREATURE... THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS! ONE LOOK AT YOU AND I KNEW I WANTED TO MARRY YOU!

ME MARRIED TO RONALD PEEBLES! GOSH!

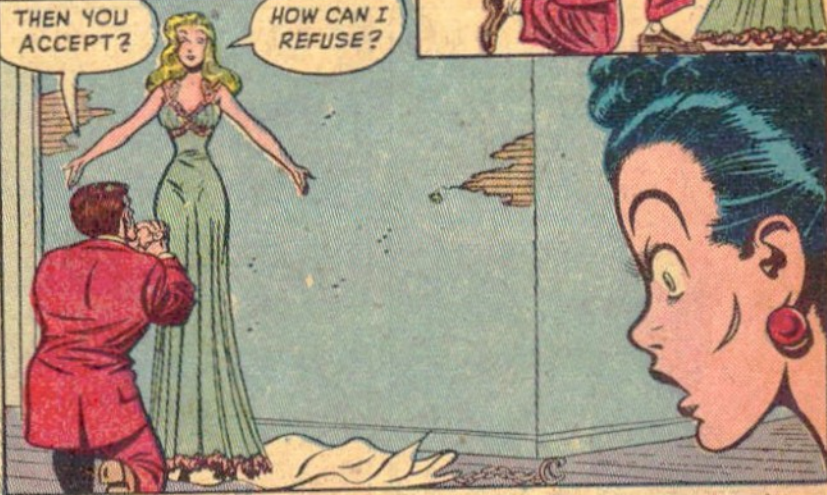


IT'S AWFULLY QUIET UP THERE! I WONDER WHY TORCHY DIDN'T DASH OUT OF THE HOUSE LIKE THE OTHERS!



THEN YOU ACCEPT?

HOW CAN I REFUSE?



IT'S RONALD PEEBLES, THE ACTOR! OH, BOY! WAIT! I'LL CALL THE PAPERS AND TELL THEM! CUSTOMERS'LL FLOCK HERE IN DROVES! WHAT AN IDEA FOR AN AD! "REDUCE AT ROSA'S AND MARRY A MOVIE STAR!"



YES...YES... THE GHOST WHO HAUNTED THE PLACE WAS RONALD PEEBLES, THE MOVIE STAR!

QUICK! GET DRESSED! WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE PLACE IS OVERRUN WITH REPORTERS AND WOMEN!









# Test Hop

"IT SEEMS sort of strange to be in a large cockpit like this," Chuck remarked as he buckled his safety belt.

"Propeller-driven aircraft still have their place in our Air Force," Blackhawk replied from the left-hand seat. "And men have to be trained to handle all types. We'll run a more than thorough test on this ship. If it is practical it will mean a lot in training future pilots."

"All set?" he asked.

Chuck ran his eyes quickly over the instruments. "Everything checks," he called over the noise of the engines. "Take her away."

Blackhawk gripped the four throttles in his right hand and pushed them smoothly forward, keeping his eyes on the gyro-compass and correcting with the rudder any tendency to fall off the original heading. "Gear up," he called, reducing power slightly.

"Gear coming up," Chuck shouted.

Blackhawk's eyes roved ceaselessly over the flight instruments while his competent hands guided the plane steadily upward. "We'll level off at six thousand feet," he said. "It will be instruments all the way, so keep in close contact with the radio control."

"Static's pretty bad on the low frequency," Chuck observed. "I'm switching to Very High Frequency."

As the plane's engines droned on, Chuck gazed through the windshield but only blackness met his eyes. The occasional jolts of rough air became more frequent until the ship pitched and rocked like a small boat in heavy seas.

"Want me to take it for a while?" Chuck asked. "This rough air is giving you quite a workout."

"I'm okay," Blackhawk answered. "Just make sure we have radio contact. There is no telling what might come up. I just noticed we're picking up a little ice. The heaters are on but if it gets worse we may have to go in."

"Everything's okay as far as I can see," Chuck said cheerfully. "This baby climbs like a dream. We're almost to six thousand already."

Suddenly, after a hoarse cough from an engine, the ship swerved sickeningly to the left. "Number one engine dead," Blackhawk called. "Check it."

"Fuel pressure normal," Chuck yelled back.

"I'll feather it." He had barely completed the operations to reduce the drag of the dead engine when number two engine sputtered and went dead.

"Feather number two," Blackhawk called, fighting for rudder control. "Call the tower and tell them we're coming in . . . we're picking up a load of ice, too."

Gray-faced, Chuck looked up from his microphone. "The field reports ceiling zero and visibility less than one-eighth of a mile."

"Can't be helped," Blackhawk said grimly. "We're losing altitude. We're going in one way or another."

"But Blackhawk," Chuck choked. "It will be suicide if we miss the field. We'll never have enough power to go around."

"Get the ground-controlled approach on channel four of the V.H.F.," Blackhawk ordered with a tight smile. "We'll have to make sure we hit it on the first try."

"Oh," Chuck laughed sheepishly. "I forgot. Sort of gets you after a while."

The calm voice of Ground Control came through the headphones, giving Blackhawk specific instructions as to let-down, airspeed and direction. After several anxious minutes, the operator informed him the ship was headed directly for the active runway. Their altitude was five hundred feet.

Coolly, Blackhawk relayed to Chuck the instructions to lower the landing gear and flaps. Slowly the altimeter crept downward toward zero. It read fifty feet when the two active engines suddenly sputtered. Instinctively, Blackhawk hauled back on the control column to keep the rate of descent steady.

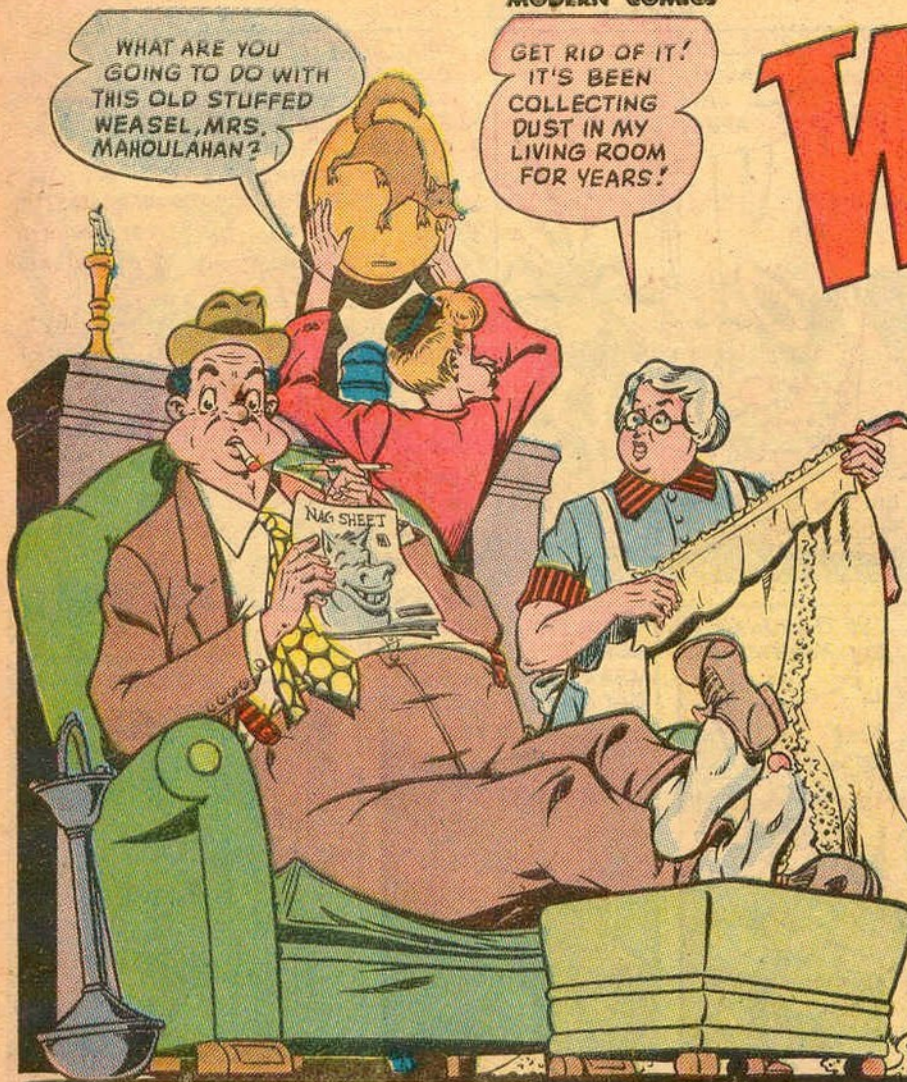
They breathed a sigh of relief as the altitude held at zero and the airspeed dropped slowly. "We made it," Chuck exulted. "I didn't even feel us touch."

Blackhawk undid his safety belt and stood up to stretch his cramped muscles. He opened the rear door of the pilot's compartment and looked out into the hangar.

"If this gadget doesn't teach our four-engine pilots to fly instruments," he said, "nothing will. Even though we never left the ground, this new instrument trainer put us through paces like a real ship."



# Will Bragg



Could Mrs. Mahoulahan be meaning her star boarder, Will Bragg? Harrumph!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY MEMORY!

WILL DARLING! YOU PROMISED TO PLAY HONEYMOON BRIDGE!

DRA! THAT EFFY! SHE SHOULD JUMP OFF ONE!

MAYBE I CAN JUST SQUEEZE IN HERE!

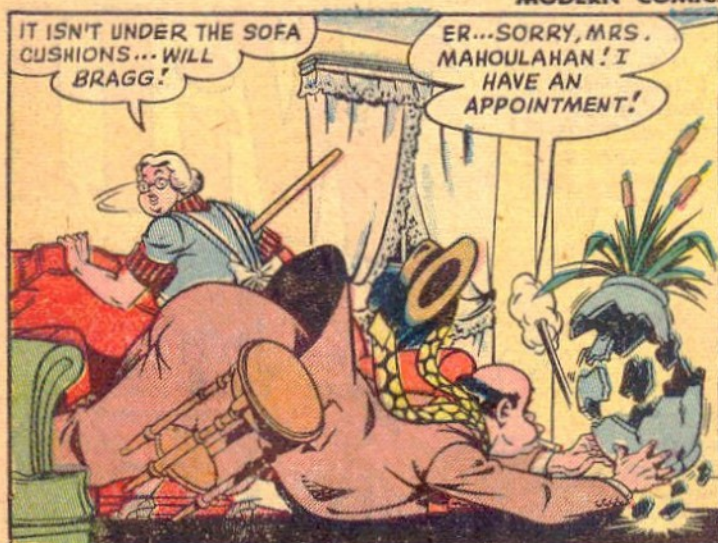
WILL! OH, DEAR... I BET HE'S SLIPPED OUT AGAIN!

I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY PUTTING IT IN A GOOD, SAFE PLACE!

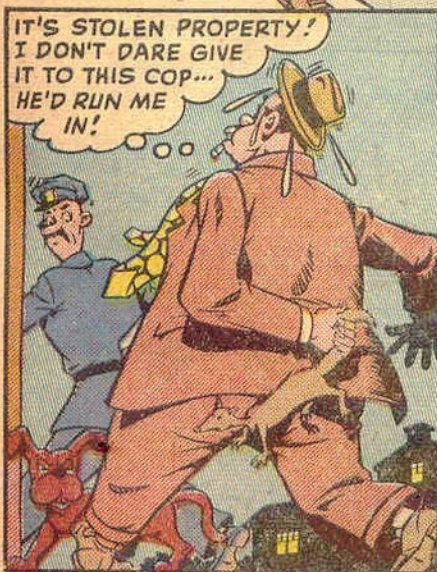
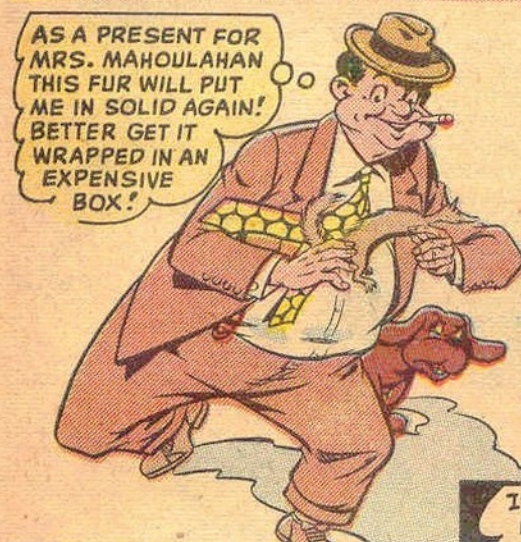
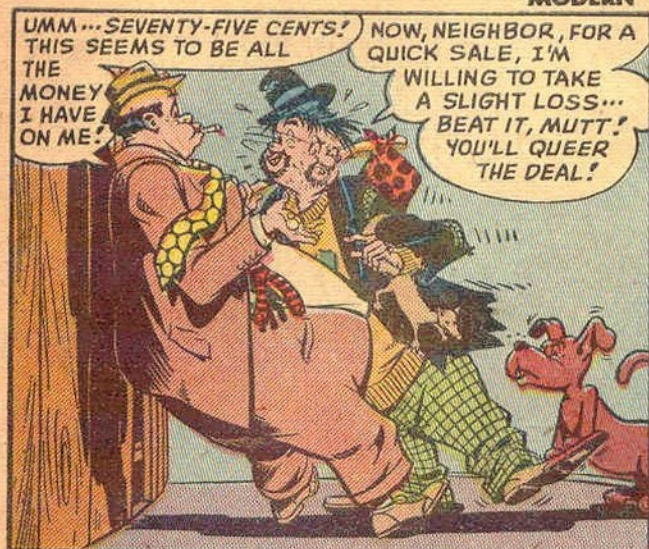
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE QUIETLY... WHOOPS!



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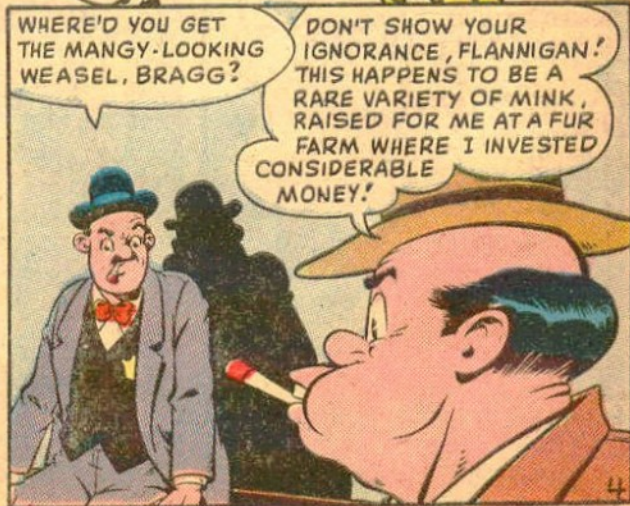
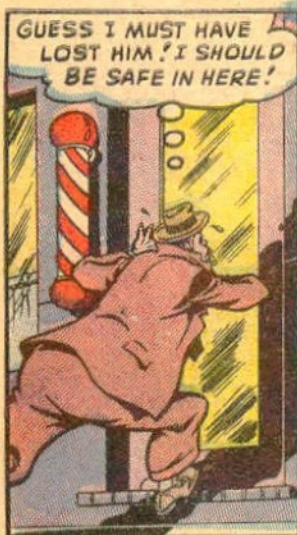




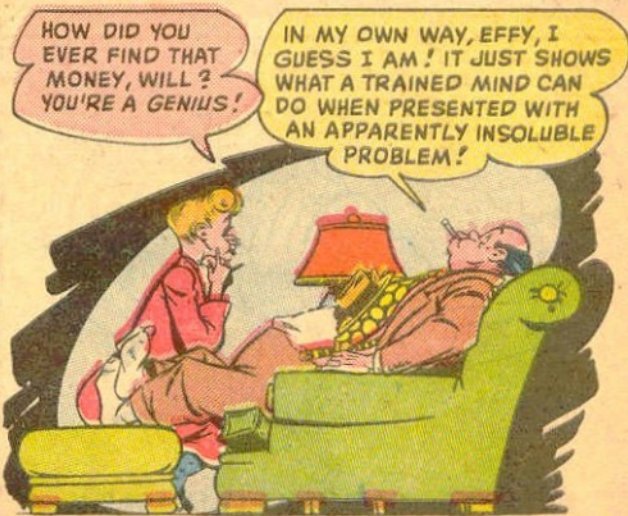
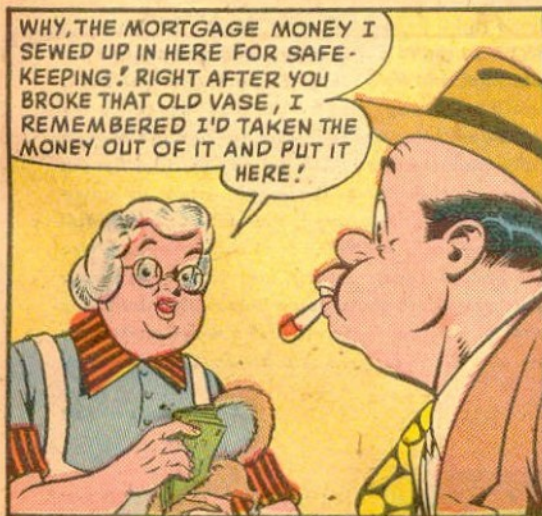




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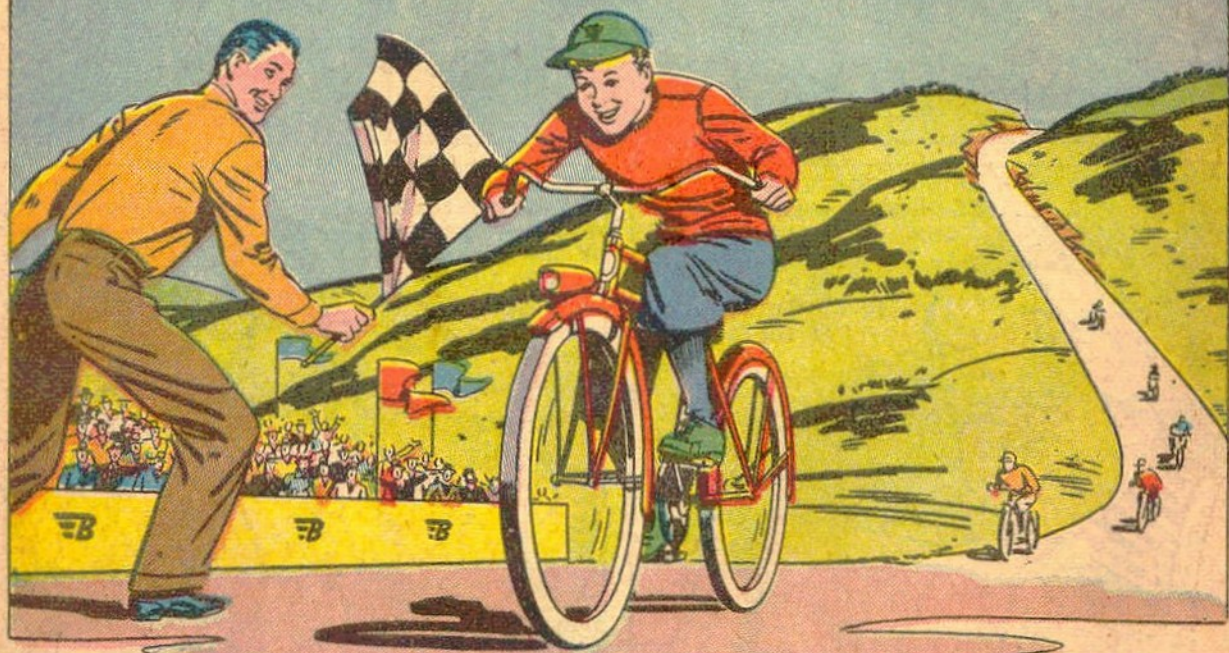




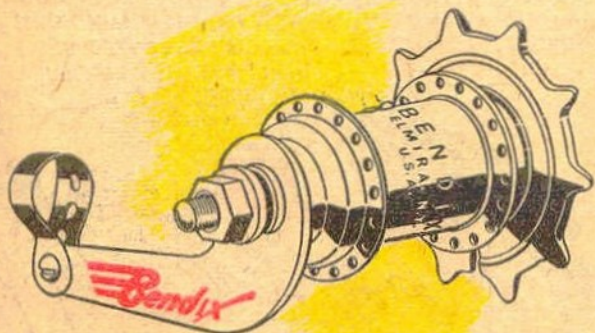




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